And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close-conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drun
And how my men will stay themse
When they do homage to this si
Ile in to counsell them: haply m
May well abate the ouer-merrie s
Which otherwise would grow in

Enter aloft the drunkard with at
Bason and Ewer, & other appu
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of sma
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lords
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Hono
3. *Ser.* What raiment will yo
Beg. I am *Christopher Sly*,
ship: I ne're dranke sacke in my l
serues, giue thee conserues of Bee
weare, for I haue no more doubl
ings then legges: nor no more sho
feet then shooes, or such shooes a
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle h
Oh that a mightie man of such d
Of such possessions, and so high
Should be infused with so foule
Beg. What would you make me
old *Slies* sonne of Burton-heath
Cardmaker, by transmutation a T
profession a Tinker. Aske *Mar*
Wincot, if thee know me not: i
score for sheere Ale; score me
Christendome. What I am not b
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that m
2 *Man.* Oh this is it that mak
Lord. Hence comes it, that y
As beat en hence by your strange
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee o
Call home thy ancient thoughts
And banish hence these abiect lo
Looke how thy seruants do atten